

Community Christian Center



The Word
Fellowship
Prayer

The Good Tidings Newsletter

A Report on the Revival at CCC

JULY, 2015

ERIC GIORGIO, PASTOR

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Pastor's Corner

This month featuring **Elder and Praise Team Leader, Rick Hoover** - now with the Lord. He wrote this article as a speech for a praise and worship conference. Kathy Hoover graciously shared it with us. We love him and still miss him. But, with this message, he blesses us once more. We'll all see him again at the biggest celebration ever - The Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Praise God.

Praise and Worship

by **Rick Hoover**

Several scriptures in the Bible refer to praise and worship. There are a few that I would like to refer to:



John 4:23 *But the hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth; for the Father is seeking such to worship Him.* NKJV

Ps 100:2 *Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.* KJV

And Finally, but not least Col 3:16 *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly as you teach and admonish one another with all wisdom, and as you sing psalms, hymns and spiritual songs with gratitude in your hearts to God.* NIV The Message Bible puts the last

part of that verse this way: *...And sing, sing your hearts out to God!*

THE POWER OF PRAISE AND WORSHIP

Paul and Silas were arrested because they had cast a demon of divination out of a girl, (a fortune teller). The local authorities beat them and threw them in jail. They were put into stocks, in which their arms and legs were clamped into an immobile position causing cramps and loss of circulation. According to the standards of that day, a prison was more like a dungeon – a dark, damp, and stench ridden-place with no provisions for waste or comfort of any kind.

Acts 16:23 *And when they had laid many stripes on them, they threw them into prison, commanding the jailer to keep them securely* NKJV The jailer put them into the inner prison and placed their hands and feet in the stockades. In spite of all the pain in their bodies and the terrible prison atmosphere, at midnight Paul and Silas were heard praying and singing praises to God. Can you imagine what that sounded like to the other prisoners who were used to only hearing groans and cursing?

Acts 16:27 says that at midnight there was a great earthquake, so that the foundation of the prison was shaken, and immediately all the doors were opened, and everyone's chains were loosed.

When the jailer saw that their shackles were loosed, he knew he would be killed by the authorities. He drew out his sword and was going to kill himself. Then Paul told him to put his sword away - that they were all there, all of them in the prison.

The amazed jailer then said to them, "How must I be saved?" Paul answered him, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved and your household,..." and they all were. These miracles and

salvations were all the results of praise and worship!

PRAISE ELEVATES US INTO GOD'S PRESENCE AND POWER

Paul and Silas knew the secret of how to lift their hearts above their troubles and enter into God's presence. Through Praise and Worship their hearts were raised into the very presence of God, therefore providing God a channel for His awesome power to operate in their circumstances.

The Bible says in Psalms 22:3 that God inhabits the praises of His people. In other words he "dwells" in the atmosphere of His praise.

Praise is a vehicle of faith that brings us into the presence and power of God. It is like a gate pass that allows us to enter the sacredness of His glory. Psalm 104:4 says to *"Enter His gates with thanksgiving, and enter His courts with praise: be thankful to Him and bless His name."*

Jesus teaches us that His presence will inhabit the gathering of believers Matt 18:20 *"For where two or three are gathered together in my name there I am in the midst of them."*

He must be the one preached about, sung about, and the one who is praised and worshiped. Hebrews 2:12 says, *"I will declare your name to my brothers; in the presence of the congregation I will sing your praises."*

Have you ever noticed when the gifts of the Spirit operate in a church service, the power and anointing usually become evident during a time of Praise and Worship? Some feel that worship is a response after the Holy Spirit moves on them. It's the other way around, God's presence responds when we move upon Him in worship! Lifting up Jesus Christ through praise and worship brings the Lord's presence and power to flow in our midst.

WHAT IS PRAISE?

Praise means "to commend, applaud or magnify." For us Christians, praise to God is an expression of worship that lifts up and glorifies the Lord. It is an expression of humbling ourselves and centering our attention upon the Lord with love, adoration, and thanksgiving. High praises bring an intimacy between ourselves and God. Praise transports us into the realm of the supernatural and into the power of God. Psalm 89:15 *Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound! They walk, O Lord, in the light of Your countenance.* NKJV

There are many actions involved with praise to God – verbal expressions of adoration and thanksgiving, singing, playing instruments, shouting, dancing, lifting up or clapping our hands. True praise is not merely going through these motions.

Jesus spoke about the hypocrisy of the Pharisees whose worship was only an outward show and not from the heart. Matthew 15:8-9 *These people draw near to Me with their mouth, And honor Me with their lips, But their heart is far from Me. And in vain they worship Me,* NKJV Genuine praise to God is a matter of humility and sincere devotion to the Lord from within. Unpretentious praise and worship pleases God. He delights in our love and devotion. He waits

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for our affections, desiring to manifest His presence and power in our midst. John 4:23...*the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth; for the Father is seeking such to worship Him.* NKJV

PRAISE TO GOD IS A LIFESTYLE

All too often, praise to God is something many people leave in church. However, praise should be a part of our everyday lifestyle, intermingled as a part of our daily prayer life. At work, in the car, at home, in bed or anywhere, praise to the Lord brings the refreshing of the Lord's presence, along with His power and anointing. *I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.* Psalm 34:1

Praise is an expression of faith and a declaration of victory! It declares that we believe God is with us and is in control of the outcome of all our circumstances. Praise is a sacrifice, something that we offer to God, not just because we feel like it, but because we believe in Him and want to please Him. Heb 13:15 *Therefore by Him let us continually offer the sacrifice of praise to God, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name.* NKJV

PRAISE SENDS THE ENEMY RUNNING

Since praise manifests God's presence, we must also know that praise sends the enemy running. An atmosphere which is filled with sincere worship and praise to God by humble and contrite hearts is disgusting to the devil. He fears the power in the name of Jesus, and flees from the Lord's habitation of praise. Ps 50:23 *Whoever offers praise glorifies Me;* NKJV

When the children of Judah found themselves outnumbered by the armies of Ammon, Moab, and Mt Seir, King Jehoshaphat and all the people sought the Lord for His help. The Lord assured them that this battle would be His battle and told them to go out against them, and He would do the fighting for them. So what did the children of Judah do? Being the people of praise (Judah actually means Praise), and knowing that God manifests His power through praise, they sent their army against their enemies, LED BY PRAISERS!

So they went ahead of the army declaring, Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever, and the Scripture says in II Chronicles 20:22 *When they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and Mt Seir, and they were smitten.*

I CHALLENGE YOU TO BEGIN TO PRAISE HIM - NOTHING WAVERING. IT SENDS THE ENEMY RUNNING, AND YOU WILL EXPERIENCE THE RELEASE OF THE POWER OF GOD IN YOUR LIFE.

There is so much more regarding praise and worship and I have only scratched the surface. Begin your day with praise to God – in the shower, driving to work, at work (as you can). Let His praise be continually in your mouth. I believe that if we do that, we will see the power of Jesus manifest. Remember: when you are expressing praise to the Lord, you are ushering God's presence into your life.

NEWS FLASHES!

by CCC's Roving Reporter, *Debbie Shaw*

Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Happy Fourth of July, CCC, as we give honor to our country and give thanks for the freedom we enjoy.

✂ We have no true knowledge of the reason for our existence until we meet Jesus, our Savior. - Pastor Eric.

✂ Quote: Do not look back. You're not going that way.

✂ The world is divided into two kinds of people: normal, intelligent, sensitive people with some breadth of imagination, and people who aren't the least bit afraid of flying. - Layne Ridley

Bit of Humor

✂ Did you hear about the missing woman who unwittingly joins a search party looking for herself? Note: Not your reporter!

✂ Jim: I keep three pairs of glasses with me. I use one for my nearsightedness and the other for my farsightedness.

Joe: An the third one?

Jim: To look for the other two.

✂ Why did Moses have to go back up the mountain a second time? asked the Sunday School teacher. To ask for a map, Little Brad replied.

Did You Know?

✂ Expensive suit: Someone took a shine to the wardrobe of actor, Daniel Craig, when he portrayed James Bond in the movie "Skyfall" A wool dinner suit worn by Craig in the move went for \$76,000.00 at auction!!!

✂ The largest Air Force in the world is the United States Air Force. The world's second largest Air force is the U.S. Navy and Marines combined.

✂ Roughly one in three of us has his or her fingerprints on file with the FBI.

✂ Most airplanes that fly internationally have their home country's flag painted or around their tails. Generally, the flag is facing the proper way on the left (port) side and it is painted backwards on the right (starboard) side. Why backward? Because that is how it would look if a real flag was hoisted on a pole above the airplane during flight. - From The Flying Book.

✂ Recently I read a book called Alone on the Mountain by Patti Sherlock. It's about shepherders in Idaho and Nevada, which is getting to be a lost art. (A brother-in-law of mine was a shepherder before he married my sister.) The author, who was a shepherdess, based her book on the 23rd Psalm. The life of a herder is a very lonely one, yet they choose that life. They are very caring and will risk their life to rescue a lamb and will do everything they can to take charge of the new lamb. On rare occasion a ewe will refuse to accept her newborn, but a 'granny' ewe will take over if this happens. It is so like our precious Savior who wants all to come to Him as a Shepherd.

John 10:27 *My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.* NKJV

Person of the Month

✂ Sara Paraspolo is the leader of our praise and worship team and is assistant youth leader with her husband, Pastor Dustin. Sara works in Orange County as an anesthesia technician. She is a very talented singer and had a singing contract at age 16. She has a great imagination and, as a youngster, she would come up with all kinds of projects to do; for example, she would make up commercials and then act them out! She is also athletic and loves to play softball.

Sara's vision for the worship and youth department is to expand it with more people in order to have two worship teams to alternate every Sunday.

Note: This is a chance for musical people at CCC to express your talents.

She and Dustin have a really cute three year old daughter, Sofia, who Sara calls her miracle baby. She thanks God for His love.

Her favorite Bible verse is Isa 41:10 *Fear not, for I am with you; Be not dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you, Yes, I will help you, I will uphold you with My righteous right hand.'*

✂ So long for now. Your Roving Reporter, aka Jr. Scoop.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Rom 16:24.



***** Kitchen Korner *****

From the Kitchen of *Dee Paraspolo*

Below is an internet story, if true or fiction it still is a good story:

So often amazing and unexplainable things happen that the general public chalks up as coincidence. But, as children of God, we know better. God is always active in our lives. He makes the seemingly impossible possible. Here's an old internet touching story of God bringing a couple back together after more than 60 years:

As I walked home one freezing day, I stumbled on a wallet someone had lost in the street. I picked it up and looked inside to find some identification so I could call the owner. But the wallet contained only three dollars and a crumpled letter that looked as if it had been in there for years.

The envelope was worn and the only thing that was legible on it was the return address. I started to open the letter, hoping to find some clue. Then I saw the dateline – the letter had been written almost sixty years ago. It was written in a beautiful feminine handwriting on powder blue stationery with a little flower in the left-hand corner. It was a "Dear John" letter that told the recipient, whose name appeared to be Michael, that the writer could not see him anymore because her mother forbade it. Even so, she wrote that she would always love him. It was signed, Hannah. It was a beautiful letter, but there was no way except for the name Michael, that the owner could be identified. Maybe if I called information, the operator could find a phone listing for the address on the envelope.

"Operator," I began, "this is an unusual request. I'm trying to find the owner of a wallet that I found. Is there any way you can tell me if there is a phone number for an address that was on an envelope in the wallet?"

She suggested I speak with her supervisor, who hesitated for a moment then said, "Well, there is a phone listing at that address, but I can't give you the number." She said, as a courtesy, she would call that number, explain my story and would ask them if they wanted her to connect me. I waited a few minutes and then she was back on the line. "I have a party who will speak with you."

I asked the woman on the other end of the line if she knew anyone by the name of Hannah. She gasped, "Oh! We bought this house from a family who had a daughter named Hannah. But that was 30 years ago!" "Would you know where that family could be located now?" I asked.

"I remember that Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home some years ago," the woman said. "Maybe if you got in touch with them they might be able to track down the daughter." She gave me the name of the nursing home and I called the number.

They told me the old lady had passed away years ago but they did have a phone number for where they thought the daughter might be living. I thanked them and phoned. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home.

This whole thing was stupid, I thought to myself. Why was I making such a big deal over finding the owner of a wallet that had only three dollars and a letter that was almost 60 years old? Nevertheless, I called the nursing home in which Hannah was supposed to be living and the man who answered the phone told me, "Yes, Hannah is staying with us. "

Even though it was already 10pm, I asked if I could come by to see her. "Well," he said hesitatingly, "if you want to take a chance, she might be in the day room watching television."

I thanked him and drove over to the nursing home. The night nurse and a guard greeted me at the door. We went up to the third floor of the large building. In the day room, the nurse introduced me to Hannah. She was a sweet, silver-haired old timer with a warm smile and a twinkle in her eye. I told her about finding the wallet and showed her the letter.

The second she saw the powder blue envelope with that little flower on the left, she took a deep breath and said, "Young man, this letter was the last contact I ever had with Michael." She looked away for a moment deep in thought and then said softly, "I loved him very much. But I was only 16 at the time and my mother felt I was too young. Oh, he was so handsome."

"Yes," she continued. "Michael Goldstein was a wonderful person. If you should find him, tell him I think of him often. And," she hesitated for a moment, almost biting her lip, "tell him I still love him. You know," she said smiling as tears began to well up in her eyes, "I never did marry. I guess no one ever matched up to Michael..."

I thanked Hannah and said goodbye. I took the elevator to the first floor and as I stood by the door, the guard there asked, "Was the old lady able to help you?" I told him she had given me a lead. "At least I have a last name. But I think I'll let it go for a while. I spent almost the whole day trying to find the owner of this wallet."

I had taken out the wallet, which was a simple brown leather case with red lacing on the side. When the guard saw it, he said, "Hey, wait a minute! That's Mr. Goldstein's wallet. I'd know it anywhere with that bright red lacing. He's always losing that wallet. I must have found it in the halls at least three times."

"Who's Mr. Goldstein?" I asked as my hand began to shake.

"He's one of the old timers on the 8th floor. That's Mike Goldstein's wallet for sure. He must have lost it on one of his walks." I thanked the guard and quickly ran back to the nurse's office. I told her what the guard had said. We went back to the elevator and got on.

I prayed that Mr. Goldstein would be up. On the eighth floor, the floor nurse said, "I think he's still in the day room. He likes to read at night. He's a darling old man."

We went to the only room that had any lights on and there was a man reading a book. The nurse went over to him and asked if he had lost his wallet. Mr. Goldstein looked up with surprise, put his hand in his back pocket and said, "Oh, it is missing!"

This kind gentleman found a wallet and we wondered if it could be yours?" I handed Mr. Goldstein the wallet and the second he saw it, he smiled with relief and said, "Yes, that's it! It must have dropped out of my pocket this afternoon. I want to give you a reward."

"No, thank you," I said. "But I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hope of finding out who owned the wallet." The smile on his face suddenly disappeared. "You read that letter?"

"Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is." He suddenly grew pale. "Hannah? You know where she is? How is she? Is she still as pretty as she was? Please, please tell me," he begged.

"She's fine...just as pretty as when you knew her," I said

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softly. The old man smiled with anticipation and asked, "Could you tell me where she is? I want to call her tomorrow." He grabbed my hand and said, "You know something, mister, I was so in love with that girl that when that letter came, my life literally ended. I never married. I guess I've always loved her."

"Mr. Goldstein," I said, "Come with me." We took the elevator down to the third floor. The hallways were darkened and only one or two little night-lights lit our way to the day room where Hannah was sitting alone watching the television. The nurse walked over to her.

Wiggles

By *Rebecca E. Ondov*

From Heavenly Horse Sense Pages 139-142
Harvest House Publishers, Eugene, Oregon 2012

I no longer call you slaves, because a master doesn't confide in his slaves. Now you are my friends, since I have told you everything the Father Told me. John 15:15 NLT

(Rebecca went out to her pasture to start training of a filly born to her horse, Star.) I turned toward Star, who stood five feet away. Her three-day-old filly pranced by her side. The filly was nearly a carbon copy of her dam; a sorrel with a star on her forehead, long straight legs, and a couple white socks. She bowed her neck as she stared at me. Her short red mane stood on end in a row of miniature ringlets. The air was so cool that steam rolled from her nostrils, leaving droplets of moisture on her whiskers.

Star nonchalantly nibbled the frosty grass and drifted away. The filly bobbed her head as I stepped toward her. She glanced over her shoulder at her mom and then switcher her fuzzy red tail and danced to the far side of her mom.

Star lifted her head as I walked toward her.

The filly lowered her head and stared at me. Slowly I lifted the back of my hand toward her. She sniffed me. I reached to pet her neck. She stepped back and I stopped. "What's wrong, little girl? Yesterday – and the day before – I petted you all over and you liked it. Don't you remember?"

The filly batted her long, red eyelashes and sauntered behind her mom.

Star plucked stems of grass as I rubbed her side and again moved toward the foal. As soon as I walked around Star's rear end, the baby skittered around Star's nose to the opposite side. I turned 180 degrees and attempted to step around Star so I'd be on the same side as the filly. Star pivoted, blocking me from her baby. Putting my hands on my hips I stared at Star. "What's that all about? Did you do that on purpose?"

Star nibbled some more grass but watched me out of the corner of her eye.

(Rebecca had to leave but she made a mental checklist of all the things she would have to accomplish with the filly over the next few days.)

(The next day) The morning sunlight glinted off her red, velveteen coat. Cocking her head from side to side, she watched her mom gobble the food. I rubbed Star's shoulder. The filly pricked her ears. I held out the back of my hand. Without moving her feet, she craned her neck to sniff me. I stood still and cooed, "Today you're going to learn all kinds of stuff." She relaxed.

I shifted my weight to turn toward her. The filly scampered to the opposite side of her mom. I groaned, "Blast!"

I turned my back toward her and edged closer. I'd get within one step, and she'd squirt three steps away. This game went on

and on until she finally drowsily leaned against her mom.

Looking at the ground, I eased toward her. She blinked, trying to keep her heavy eyelids open. I reached toward her shoulder. Only a few more inches.

Suddenly the filly exploded. She gathered her hind legs under her and took off running like a rocket-but only going as far as the opposite side of Star. Clumps of dirt from her hooves sprayed me.

Tears of frustration oozed out of the corners of my eyes. God, what do I do now? I turned to go to the other side of Star, and the toe of my boot caught on the heel of the other. Tripping I fell forward and caught myself with my arms just before hitting the ground.

As I pulled myself upright I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye. The filly was peeking under Star's belly at me. I laughed.

Straightening up, I stood on my tiptoes and looked over Star's back. "Peek-a-boo!"

The filly looked up, seemingly shocked.

Quickly I ducked out of sight behind Star's belly.

Seconds later I head the clatter of the filly's hooves as she slowly stalked behind her mom. She eased her nose and one eye around Star's rear.

I laughed. "So all it takes is peek-a-boo?"

Within my heart I heard, *No, not peek-a-boo. She doesn't want to be an item on your checklist. She wants a relationship. She wants to be your friend-to laugh and play with you. That's what I want too.*

A strange thought captured me. "Laugh? With God?" I'd always viewed God as prim and proper, rather aloof, and perhaps a bit tight-lipped. I'd never envisioned Him having fun...or laughing-especially with me.

Fear gripped me, and I worried that I'd misunderstood God. Hesitantly I asked, "God, how can that be?" Once again I sensed His voice. *I want to be your friend. Friends laugh together.*

The filly watched me, cocking her head side to side. She bobbed her head and scampered around Star. Leaning against Star, the foal butted her mom's udder and then suckled. I peeked underneath. The baby watched me out of the corner of her eye as she butted and slurped. Milk dripped from her chin.

What would she like from me? Hmmm...I've never seen a colt that didn't like this. I stood on my tiptoes, reached over Star's back, and gently scratched the filly's haunch. She slurped louder and sucked faster, but she didn't move away from my hand. I pushed a little harder as I rubbed. The filly quit suckling and backed into my hand, enjoying the massage. In a few moments she was wiggling her rear side to side like a hula dancer. I burst out laughing and wondered if God was chuckling as well.

Over the next few days I set the checklist aside. The only way that filly would let me touch her was by draping my arm over her mom's back and scratching her. Thus I became the "scratch machine." Eventually she let me walk behind her and scratch. Then I could stand by her side to scratch her. Finally I was able to walk up to her head. The filly earned the name "Wiggles," and I learned that relationships require laughter and playtime.

Lord, show me how to have a relationship where we laugh and enjoy life together as friends. Amen.



Baptisms



Joseph Arredondo



David Arredondo



Daniel Arredondo



David Morquecho



Levi Morquecho



Monica Morquecho

A Poem

by Donald - March 16, 06

I find it hard to confess but never the less
and so I had to take a second view of opinion
and so I had to think really hard and very deep
that maybe I should confess - but only to the Lord.

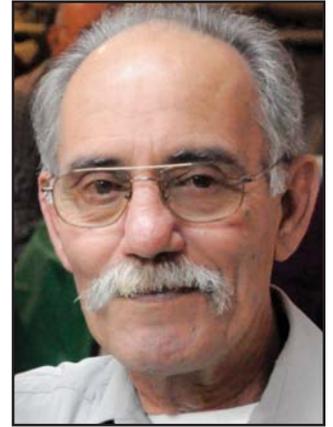
Happy 40th Wedding Anniversary,
Pastor Cliff and Nancy



In Loving Remembrance of Antonio (Tony) Berumen

10/2/1942 - 6/3/2015

Tony Berumen went home to be with the Lord on June 3rd. Tony and Laura have been attending CCC for over five years and they have been a tremendous blessing to us. Tony was a wonderful church member and recently became an usher. He was hard working and devoted to his wife and family. He was tough but always loving and very helpful. He was a military veteran and received recognition from the Honor Guard during the service, TAPS was played and the flag was folded and presented to Laura. Tony loved the Lord and knew the scriptures very well. We will miss him but we know he is present with the Lord today and we will be reunited with him and all those we love some day. We pray God's great comfort upon Laura, his family, and friends.



WOMEN'S MEETING



Women's meeting was very blessed this month to have two anointed speakers. Stephanie Alexander spoke about the peace of God. She talked about a time when she went through a two month hospitalization for a very serious condition and the peace of God never left her through that whole time. Amazing. Melba Redd spoke on the topic, everything has a time and a season - just like the time we are going through. These were wonderfully helpful messages.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS



CCC CANDID SHOTS



Congratulations to CCC's own beloved Ashli Miller who graduated from High School this month.

Father's Day Pictures



The Pearl of Great Price

by Sharon Johnson

Matt 13:45-46 "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant seeking beautiful pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it. NKJV

I see a desperation in this search to possess the pearl of great price. Nothing else will do, you must have it. It is more valuable to you than any other thing you can have. It's excellent beauty and flawless perfection call to your very innermost being - there is nothing else like it. You reject all the lesser things that try to take its place, and things will come to distract you. You do not want any impure thing anymore - you want absolute love and purity.

Of course the pearl represents our Savior, Jesus. The only place that we become complete, lacking nothing, full of His love and reflecting His glory and righteousness is in Jesus. He is worthy of our full pursuit of Him, and oh how happy and fulfilled we are when we find Him.

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